but gained no comfort. One client was "better, to-day;" another "about the same;" another had a "stronger pulse;" another had had "an easier night than usual." Always these dismal refrains. Whenever I entered our stricken home, I had to meet the mute inquiry of those pathetic ~~poor~~ eyes, but I never had to speak — my own looks conveyed my heavy ~~dreary~~ tidings & the hopeless heads were bowed once more.

I was up all

~~xx~~ night, wandering about the village. The fatal day came the sun rose & still I wandered from house to house — but not to inquire — I had no heart to do that any longer. I only took friends of mine to these houses, & told them to wait, & if they got any news, to bring it to me with all speed.

Two hours later there was a scene in our home. Old Winslow was there, floating over